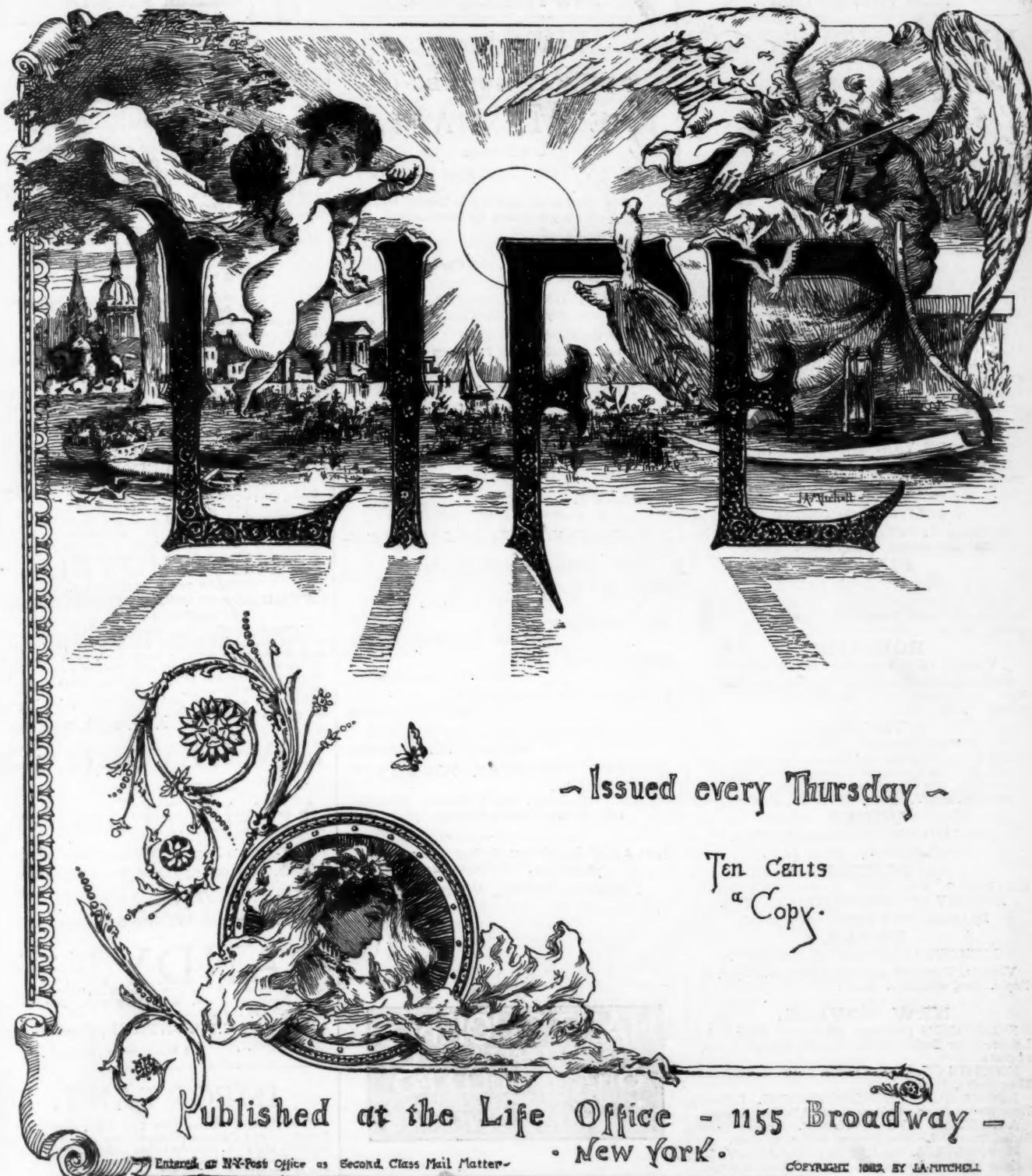


12
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VOL. I.

MAY 10th, 1883.

NO. 19.

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SPRING is upon us. Blear-eyed winter has departed with his ulster and bronchitis, his rubbers and buckwheat cakes, chest-protector and chillblains. Now cometh the bursting bud flashing into emerald, the balmy breeze, the garrulous sparrow, the day of moving, the first straw-hat, the murmurs of Newport and Coney Island, and the opening of the Big Bridge. It is at this season that the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Mt. Desert, and the maiden turns over last summer's finery with an economical eye, and paper grows more eloquent than ever on the subject of bills. It is the season of promise and talk. The Van Duddles will Newport. So will the Ulsterdams and the Wafflespoons. The De Slapjax are going abroad, and the Von Buckwhetes will remain to tackle Coney Island. There is a hum of moving, preparation and gossip. The Dog Star is slowly rising, which is Sirius matter for dogs. Opera is over and theatre is nearly so, but the livery-stable man's collector is still rampant, and that obdurate tailor's last year's experience has made him so vulgarly proud that he wants cash. These are sad reflections.

MORE FROM ST. QUENTIN!

OUR CORRESPONDENT'S
ANACONDA BREAKFAST !!

HIS NOBLE PRESERVER !!!

ST. QUENTIN, France, March 25th, 1883.

IT is my birthday to-day. I am 30 years old. "Aunt Lyman," in Bangor, Maine, always sends me \$50 on my birthday. I have eaten an enormous breakfast. One gets a keen appetite, having only one meal a day. I was helped three times to omelette, twice to soup, four times to cutlets, washing the whole down with a bowl of coffee, and three bottles of vin ordinaire.

But it is horrible not having anything to smoke. Until I sold my last shirt, I got tick at a cigar shop, but there is no use asking for "tick" when one wears a dirty wisp of a handkerchief about his neck. Every one in the hotel knows that I am in pawn and they all avoid me. Thackeray, as we all know, was once in pawn at a hotel, so I am in good company, or rather I should be, if it were forty years ago and I were in Lille instead of being in St. Quentin. That notice which I found on my bed this morning has disquieted me a little. Still, before breakfast, I went out and pawned the dagger, receiving on it one franc. The landlord sent a waiter with me, fearing, I suppose, that I should either commit suicide or escape him altogether. With half the franc, I bought at a *new* tobacconist's some chewing tobacco, for I have no passport and wish to be able to prove my American citizenship in case my troubles come to a head. I gave my last half-franc to the waiter, and he gave me a letter. It was in my Aunt Lyman's handwriting.

"Good old soul!" I exclaimed as I tore open the letter. It contained a birthday card, on the back of which was written: "I have given this year's \$50 to make you a Life Member of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Many Happy Returns of the Day."

I went back to the hotel a wretched man, oh, so wretched!

As I sat looking out of the window of a dreary room at the rain sullenly pouring into the gray, provincial street, a cab drove up to the hotel door. A tall man, who looked like an American, stepped out of the cab and walked into the hotel. In a few minutes he came into the room in which I was, and seating himself next to me, said "good morning" to me.

I nodded at him; he was singularly tall and slim and wore a Newmarket overcoat which came to his heels. His face was boyish, almost childlike, and he had a sweet, simpering smile. But his eyes were black and flashing, and as he smiled I saw that he had no front teeth.

"It is raining," said he pleasantly.

I admitted that it was raining.

"Do you smoke?" he asked, at the same time handing me an alligator-skin cigar case.

"I do!" cried I, eagerly clutching at a cigar. I had not smoked for ten days. You may imagine that I was "frozen" for a weed.

The stranger then handed me a match saying:

"And you will supply the lung power."

The pleasantry reminded me uncomfortably of the German's joke at the banquet, but I lighted the cigar with the proffered match. "You are an American?" I inquired, finding that the cigar was a real Havanna.

"Yes, I am your fellow countryman," he answered.

"If it is not too impudent, may I ask you why you do not wear a shirt?" and he smiled, showing his toothless jaw.

"It is a tradition in the Plantagenet family that the eldest male heir never wears a shirt," I answered proudly.

"Plantagenet family!" he exclaimed. "Why, I saw on the hotel book that your name was spelled "H-u-d-g-k-i-n-s."

"It is spelled "H-u-d-g-k-i-n-s," I explained haughtily, "but it is pronounced Plantagenet. It is an old family tradition."

I looked as dignified as a man can look who has not a shirt to his back.

"Well, Mr. Plantagenet, my name is W-a-t-k-i-n-s, pronounced as spelled, of Watkins Glen, New York, a brand new family. Now, you are of an old family, and you are temporarily hard-up."

I waved deprecatingly, and adjusted the wisp of a handkerchief as if it had been Beau Brummel's final success.

"Ah, do not have any false pride," he said; "any gentleman's remittances may fail him. May I not have the honor of loaning you a sum sufficient for your needs, until your remittances arrive?"

"You may," I said, relenting. "I am a special correspondent of the New York LIFE. International jealousies, instigated by the *London Punch*, and the *Undertakers' Gazette*, have delayed the arrival of my funds. I will borrow of you and pay you with my I. O. U. It is needless to say that my I. O. U. is, in any place but St. Quentin, France, legal tender for all debts; just try it at Marseilles."

"How much do you want, Mr. Plantagenet?"

"Want! I want the world, but I shall be contented for the present with one thousand francs."



"One thousand francs are not enough to carry you to Moscow," quietly replied the stranger with one of his dreadful smiles. I started!

"Never mind your I. O. U.," he continued, as he handed me a bag of gold and a box. He bowed, went out of the room and I heard the cab roll down the street. Recovering from my astonishment, I put the

gold into my pocket and opened the box. It contained in it a Bradshaw's Guide, which was opened at "Russia," by the little knife which I had pawned in the morning — I can write no more, but next week, if I am not knocked into the middle of it, I will let you know where I am.

TWO NEGATIVES.

I GAVE him his first rejection

At Newport, a year ago;
At Christmas, with proper reflection,
Again, in New York, I said "No."

There 's in grammar a rule I remember—
Two negatives—how does it run?
So the cards have gone out for September,
And my white satin gown is begun.

ELEANOR PUTNAM.

"How shall I the true dude know
"From another one?
"By his staff and cockle-feather
"And his silver shoon."

PROVERB.

IT is never too late to get up in the morning.

From the Sanscrit.



AN ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—A MAN TO MAKE 2,000 CALLS IN NEW YORK.
Enclose addressed postal to REGULAR PAY, Herald.

THE ACTION OF THE NEW
YORK ALDERMEN.

[FROM THE LONDON TIMES.]

FOR a long time well-informed Englishmen have been aware of the feeling entertained by the New York Aldermen toward Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and the action of the Aldermen yesterday in regard to the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge will be learned here without surprise. It is probable that those supporters of Mr. Gladstone's ministry who, relying upon the sympathetic emotions that naturally would be awakened among Americans by the death of John Brown, have looked for a display of official weakness in the New York Aldermanic Board, will now be undeceived. We quote from the cable report of yesterday's proceedings:

ALDERMAN MORIARTY : Oi move yez, sorr, that owin' to the twinty-foorth av May bein' the birthday av the Quane av England, some other day be selected for the opening of the Aste River Bridge.

ALDERMAN O'SHEA : Oi sicond the risolution, in case the Chair as-sures me, that this proceding is not overt.

THE PRESIDENT : The Chair is av the opinion that the risolution is decent, and rasonable, and in no sinse overt. Whin, in the coarse av human 'evints, it becomes nicassary for an Oirishman to act, thin he should spake.

ALDERMAN O'SHEA : Thin, Mr. President, Oi sicond the risolution av me collague, and Oi say it is a shameful thing, that a toyranical and indacint woman, loike the Quane av England, should be flaunted in the face av the American paple.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

While England does not shun and does not fear the issue thus raised across the Atlantic, Englishmen must deplore the evanishment of certain hopes of reciprocal good feeling which have been encouraged by Poole on this side of the water, and by Sir Cyrus Field and Washington Childs, Esq., on the other. From what exact time to date the rise of the bitter feeling in America toward Queen Victoria we do not very well know. The order promulgated by Her Majesty at the time when H. R. H. the Princess Louise held her first drawing room at Montreal, that all ladies should wear low-neck dresses, notoriously gave offence to the New York Aldermen, the wives of most of whom were present with high-neck dresses. Suggestions of the fallacy of the reasoning of the gentlemen that we have named were not lacking, either at the lamentable period marked by the injury to Her Majesty's knee, when the American press teemed with flippant comments upon a misfortune which might have ended in the necessity of wheeling about Her Majesty during the rest of Her existence in a roller-chair. Whatever the reason or whatever the indications marking the progress of this inimical feeling, the outcome of the present question is restricted to a small range. Either the Brooklyn Bridge will be opened on the day set, or the day for the opening will be changed, or Her Majesty Queen Victoria will change her birthday. We await without tremor and without doubt the course of the British Government in this matter. We will add that a Queen who is born, and we do not credit that any alderman within the limit of the earth's circumference can knock that proposition endwise.



AN ADJUSTMENT.

Dear me! Who is that girl? THAT IS THE PRUDENT MAIDEN THAT WAS.

And is that young fellow the poor young man? THE VERY SAME.

Ah! They have adjusted their differences, have they not? WELL, RATHER.

Has some one died? NO: HE IS AS POOR AS EVER; BUT OF LATE IT HAS BEEN VERY DULL FOR HER; SHE REQUIRES DIVERSION.

So they are engaged? OH YES, UNQUESTIONABLY.

And does He require diversion too: NOT SO MUCH; BUT HE HAS A LITTLE PLEASURE IN STORE FOR HIM.

What is that? HE HAS GOT TO BREAK IT TO THE OLD MAN.

Will that be fun? YES, IT WILL BE RARE SPORT.



A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

Mrs. Van Hightsoop : No, MONSIEUR LE COMPTÉ. THE STATENS ARE *not in our set*. THEY ARE RICH—YES—AND THEY ENTERTAIN LAVISHLY—BUT *who* ARE THEY? DID THEY EVER HAVE A GRANDFATHER OR A GRANDMOTHER? I THINK NOT.

M. Le Compte : ZEN MADAME EES A BELIEVER EEN SPONTANEE—OUS EVOLUTION? *C'est impossible!*

Mrs. Van Hightsoop (*feelingly*) : OH, COUNT—WELL—YES—THEY *may* HAVE——WELL—LET US PROMENADE, COUNT.

[*The subject changes*]

“TIME was,” Jones lamented, “when to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth was to be lucky. But now, there must be a carriage at the door.” “And generally,” said Brown, “there is.”

Wassar puts it thus: “Upon Earl Beaconsfield was conferred the Order of the G-r-r-r.” He also mentions a “three-limbed table.”

TRIOLETS.

(WHAT HE SAID.)

'T IS but a bon-bon kiss,
I dare to offer thee!
It cannot be amiss,
'Tis but a bon-bon kiss—
And yet; instead of this,
Perhaps—Ah, no, I see
'Tis but a bon-bon kiss
I dare to offer thee.

(WHAT SHE THOUGHT.)

He's but a silly boy
To give a *sugar* kiss—
Afraid he might annoy!
He's but a *silly* boy!
Perhaps he don't enjoy
Another kind than this?
He's but a silly boy
To give a *sugar* kiss.

J. W. B.

THE OLD MAN.

SONS have their governors, daughters their fathers, prospective sons-in-law to whom are granted a full bill of possible relations, have the Old Man. It is probably unnecessary to say that he is the father of the Girl. The Old Man's natural enemy is the Young-Fellow-without-Gold-who-wants-to-marry-the-Girl. To foil him is what he lives for. When once the Girl has definitely ascertained that the Young Fellow is to her taste, it is time wasted to bring evidence as to the absence of his character. Though he may be proved to have been a drunkard, a gambler, a liar, a jilt, or guilty of any species of knavery not incompatible with his being at large, it is all likely to go for nothing with the Girl who will say, openly, "I don't believe it;" and to herself, "It all happened before he knew me." He says himself he was a poor creature *then*." So a wise Old Man, while he is not by any means blind to character, will prefer to argue the money question. If he can say to the girl, "Marriage with this young fellow would make it necessary for you to take in washing," she may hesitate.

"Sir; I love your daughter, and she loves me. I feel it to be my duty to let you know it."

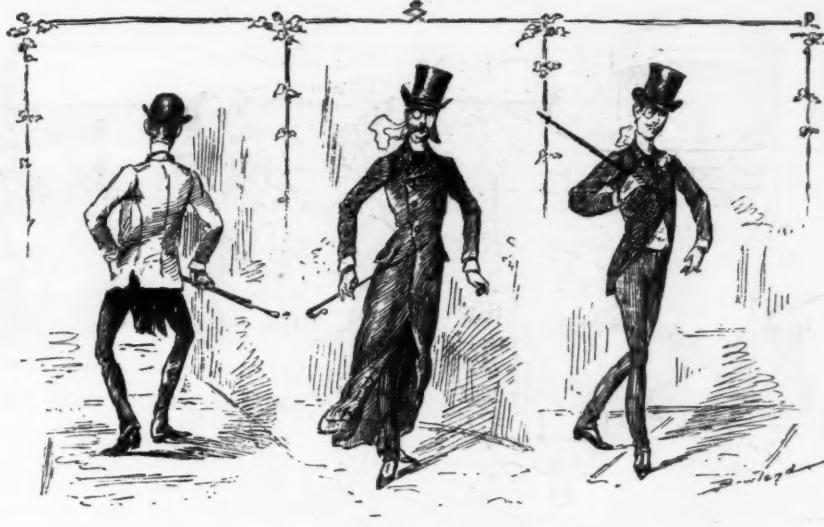
It sounds like very honorable and magnanimous speech from the Young Fellow; and it is; and he never thought so much of himself before. For he feels that in telling the Old Man he has satisfied all demands that honor would make, even upon the most Quixotic soul. It is not his fault that he fell in love with the girl. Is she not lovely? And once having felt the spark, is he to be blamed for courting her for all he was worth until his tender feeling was reciprocated. Oh, no; of course he was not to blame. Love has a right to expression.

And he asks for nothing tangible. He merely tells of the covert existence of a fact, which it seems more honest to openly proclaim. "We are young," he says, "and though I am poor, with such an inspiration I cannot fail to win a name and fortune."

Poor Old Man: If he says, "No, you can't have my daughter," he will hate himself for being mercenary; the Young Fellow will hate him on general principles, and the Girl will cordially dislike him for his unkindness.

But if he says "Yes," he becomes responsible for the Young Fellow from that hour, and must see to it that in due time he is in a position to marry the Girl and does marry her. And meanwhile the Young Fellow will have the run of the premises without let or hindrance, and will be entitled to all rights and easements pertaining to a son of the house.

This was what the Young Fellow asked for when he modestly told his love. He is a fraud—though probably he does not know it; our sympathies are with the Old Man.



PRESENT.

DO OR DU.

Remnant of the Dodo.

PAST.

DUN.

The result of an overdone, dreary existence.

PERFECT.

DUDE.

A parasite from Yankee-dude-l.

HOW JOHNNY BROKE THE NEWS.

"OH ma, ma," shrieked Johnny, rushing into his mother's room, "a man down street knocked Pa out with an umbrella and broke three ribs. He—

"What! Three ribs? What will become of us. Oh, my son, your poor father will die. Here, John, run down to Dr. Blank's and tell him to come up immediately with bandages and all those things. Mary, get the Pond's Extract, and tell James to bring the carriage immediately. Dear George, three ribs broken, how he must suffer. It's awful. Thank heaven there's the carriage now. Doctor coming soon, John? That's good. I'm going to get your father, darling. Good bye!"

"What's the matter with ma?" said John as his mother drove off. "Seems kinder worried. Guess I'll run across to Billie's and help him to dynamite that cat. So long!"

In the meanwhile his distracted mother was hastening to her husband's office, where much to her surprise she found him attending to business as usual, and as lively as a "critic."

"Why, George," said she. "I thought you were hurt?"

"Hurt? Lord no. A crank hit me with his umbrella but fortunately I got it away from him before he did much damage. See, there it is. There ribs broke—why, what's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing. I'm going home to see John," was all she said. She went, and Johnny remarked afterwards that he was "sawn."

J. K. B.

A STEAL cruiser—Robeson hunting a ship to repair.

CLARA MORRIS drew well with Salvini—\$400 after each performance.

THE editor of the Waco (Texas) *Sentinel*, having been blown up by the explosion of a saw-mill boiler, we suppose it will now be in order to allude to him as "our highly steamed contemporary."



In the good old days,
When the Minstrel took up the burden,
And the Knight received as a guerdon,
And bore off as a token of love,
His fair Lady's glove,
And stood ready to fight in her praise—
These were good old days !

In the good old days
When the Castle was lofty and lonely,
When the peasant's hut was only
A miserable shed of reeds
For all his needs,
Despised by the Knight he obeys—
These were good old days !



F. H. Albrood

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

In the good old days,
When a Knight amused his journeys
With fasting and feasting and tourneys,
Redressing whatever was wrong
With his sword, while a song
Made up for all loss or delays—
These were good old days !

In the good old days,
Living under the lash like cattle,
Glad not to be forced into battle,
The peasants toiled on till their death ;
And they drew their last breath
In the fear of the Knight always—
These were good old days.

In the good old days,
When rapine and murder and pillage
Ruled over the desolate village;
When no peasant was sure of his life,
Of his child, of his wife ;
When shame is the steel that slays—
Were these good old days ? A. Z.



FROM THE DOG SHOW.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDER-GRADUATE.

FEBRUARY 2ND, 18—



THE physics lectures this term are very interesting. This morning the lecturer happened to select the sunny-haired Xanthus as the *corpus vile* of his electrical experiments. The victim mounted the glass-legged insulating stool with a confident grin, but when the battery got in its work on him, his expression changed. His rich auburn mat stood up on end in a circular aureole, under which his convulsed and livid features showed like the face of a pre-Raphaelite saint against a nimbus of old-gold. The professor smiled, and even the ranks of Tuscany—the red-heads of the Third Division, known in history as "The Old Brick Row"—could scarce forbear to cheer.

But the bottle which was to have been exhausted of air, and then crushed by the pressure of the outside atmosphere, had some flaw in it. It wouldn't crush. The lecturer and his colored assistant relieved each other in vain at the air-pump. Bets were freely laid—in whispers—with odds in favor of the bottle. At last the harrowing struggle was abandoned. Hudson—who is not devoid of a certain sprightliness—was afterwards heard to say that the receiver was less exhausted than the darkey. Beverley—to whom nothing human is alien— lingered after the lecture, and asked the professor whether this experiment was designed to illustrate the strength of materials. He also expressed sympathy with the assistant. He found the latter to be a practical philosopher, who regarded his chief's methods of breaking glass as needlessly indirect.

"Break 'em easy 'nough, take a hatchet," was his comment. "Formerly a boy was used," said the lecturer, in explaining the self-adjusting valve of the steam engine, and his countenance wore a pitying smile at the rudeness of the contrivance. But on going to my room after the lecture, I was annoyed to find one of those obsolete pieces of machinery waiting for me at the door with a tailor's bill. How much more delicate and impersonal would have been a simple, self-adjusting valve, with bill attached, hanging from the door-knob!

FEBRUARY 17TH.

Attended the afternoon lecture on the metric system of weights and measures, and made the following entry (original) in my notebook: There is no use in trying to bring home the Metric System to the great heart of the people, until our proverbs and even our English classics have been amended in the interest of the reform, thus:

A miss is as good as a kilometre (approximate).
A gram of prevention is worth a dekagram of cure.
"Aye, every centimetre a King"—*Lear*, etc., etc.

FEBRUARY 22ND.

The birthday of George Washington! Watson told me that it was rumored in well-informed circles that Higginson had this morning unearthed again the fur cap with a knob on top which he used to wear at the Grammar School, and subsequently here through his first winter. Calling at Higginson's room last Tuesday, I found his chum and a few sympathizing friends sitting around the grate and feeding the flames with a collection of Higginson's head-gear. I saw them burn:

1st. The green plaid cap with patent leather frontispiece.
2nd. The black cloth hat with exposed wire rim, which gave so much offence in Sophomore year.

3rd. The felt "Monitor" with the hole in the apex, through which the sunlight twinkled.

But the fur cap was not among them, and there is too much ground for the fear that it escaped the holocaust, and that Watson's information is true.

MARCH 4TH.

There is some excitement over the suspension of Punderson, the class poet. The fellows have been in the habit of sending him little pencil notes in recitation, begging for odes, etc., to while away the tedium of the hour. G. Horne was especially importunate in these requests. Finally, to him too much demanding, the odist, after a short frenzy on the front bench, returned the following answer, written on a blank leaf torn from his text-book:

TO MÆCENAS.

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget *Apollo*.

G. Horne, you seem to think, by—
That Homer doesn't ever nod,
You'll find, if once your hand you try,
That writing endless poetry
*s Not half so easy as you think.
It needs good f'smear, cigars and drink
To get a high-toned frenzy up:
The muse is dull without the cup.
Who eats at Commons Club his dinner
Will find his wit grow thin and thinner.
Mæcenas, set 'em f'upward straight,
Or for your odes in vain you'll wait.

The eagle eye of the instructor lit on this manuscript gem as it was passing from hand to hand along the benches toward G. Horne. He arrested it and read it. Its sentiments and language were both too improper to be overlooked, and Punderson is now absent temporarily from these shades.

ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

THE best wish I can send to thee
On this, the morning of thy life,
Is not for pleasure nor for wealth,
Nor to be free from care and strife;

But that, when Time shall lay his hand
With soft caress on thy dear head,
Thy heart will not turn back and call
Those years the best which long have fled;

That all thy treasures may not lie
With buried years, 'neath vanished skies;
That thy best joy may never be
To view the Past with wistful eyes;

But that the Future aye may hold
Some cherished hope to lead thee on,
So that thy heart may never sigh:
" My fairest days are dead and gone."

PHILIP HAY.

* Cf. Horace. — u—
"xoris amnis." and scholiast.

† Academice—food. ‡ Pocula largiter superpositi. Lost Decades of Livy.

BOOKISHNESS.

THE BOOK-A-Y OF LITERATURE—the musty smell of a rare old volume.

A NEW serial story is begun in the May number of *Harper's*, and it is called a "Castle in Spain." As the author evidently intended to make his curious characters walk Spanish, it would not do to have called his tale "A Castle in the Air," because Ayr is in Scotland.

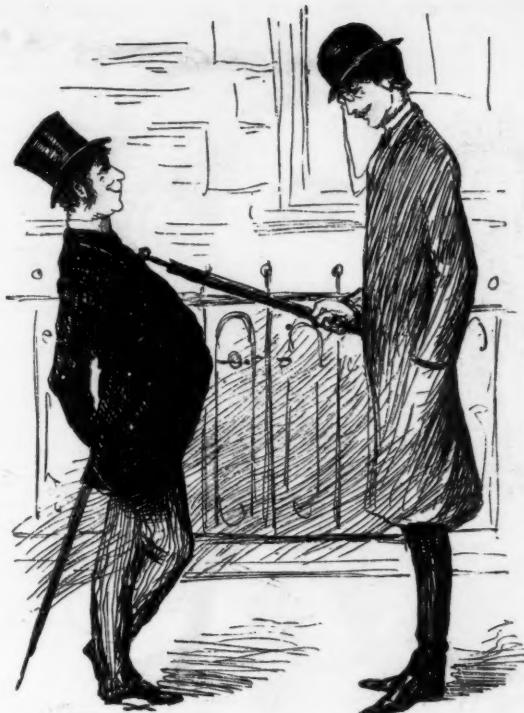
"THE Led-Horse Claim," is the name of a very clever American novel, but the authoress fails to tell us whether the Lead-Horse originally belonged to the Tin-Soldier, whereof we were wont to read in Andersen and the nursery.

IT is announced that Mr. Harry Jim (if we may be thus familiar) is going to write for the *Century* an essay on the late Anthony Trollope, an Englishman whose mother spoke almost as ill of America as Mr. Harry Jim himself. Why does not Mr. Jim tackle the works of the Reverend Everett Hale, and give us an essay on "The Man without a Country."

IT is said that the very successful no-name novel, "A Daughter of the Philistines," is the work of that very successful novelist, Prof. H. H. Boyesen. It is a story of Wall street existence with pictures from the life of the curious zoological specimens there collected. But its title suggests Miss Delilah, the young lady who got Mr. Sampson where his hair was short.

A PUBLISHER is now engaged in getting out a series of "Famous Women" biographies. Already have lives of George Eliot and Emily Bronte appeared, and sketches of George Sand and Mary Lamb and Margaret Fuller are in preparation. But great injustice is a-brewing. So far, at least, no announcement has been made of any volume in the series to be devoted to the most widely read female author of any time or country, the revered and altogether unforgettable Mother Goose.

M. JOHN STERLING's latest novel, the "Porte Bonheur; or, I don't give a D—," has been translated into American by Mr. E. Zola, "who has fully preserved the power, strength and interest of the original,"—if we may believe the preface which the publishers (T. B. Peterson & Brothers) have prepared, probably desiring to spare the author from all further trouble. M. Sterling is the great French leader of the Naturalistic school. But this book is a Moral Book. And it is also a very Dull Book. It is almost as dull as the ordinary Imported English novel and it is not as Decorous.



1st Citizen: SAY CHAWLES, WOULD A BRA-A-SS PEDESTAL DO FOR THE BA-ARTHOLDI STATUE?

2nd Citizen: CERT, M'DEAR F'LAH. BUT HOW'LL WE GET THE BRA-A-SS? IT COSTS, Y'KNOW!

1st C.: MELT DOWN CESNO-O-LA—EH?

2nd C.: OH! (reflects) BUT WE CAWN'T HAVE THE PED BIGGER'N THE STAT, Y'KNOW.

PROBABLY few persons of ordinary intelligence and given to travelling, have ever known that the Senator Wagner, in whose luxurious palace cars they reclined and in whose opulent sleeping cars they slumbered, was a poet. But he was. This fact is strange, if true. And still stranger, if true, is the fact that it is a French woman who has first written him up. It is perhaps owing to the ignorance of this foreign female on the delicate ground of American geography that there is a little uncertainty about the towns where he composed his poetry. She refers to cities which she calls Rienzi and Parsifal. Now, we know Rome and Memphis, Utica and Syracuse; we know Oshkosh and Sheboygan, Kalamazoo and Peoria; we know even Weehawken and Skowhegan; but Parsifal and Rienzi we do not know. With the hope that some kind reader may be able to straighten this thing out, we give the full name of the book: "Richard Wagner and his Poetical Work from Rienzi to Parsifal," by Judith Gautier, (Boston, A. Williams and Co., the old Corner Bookstore. 1883.)



BIOGRAPHETTE.

XIV.

JAMES BEN-GORDON.

JAMES BEN-GORDON necessarily inherited vast wealth, his father having been an editor. He appeared first as a single sheet extra, double leaded pica and of pink complexion, and there was only one of him issued, price two cents. Upon reaching his majority, little Jimmie, as he was then called, was suddenly summoned to executive control of the entire estate. Being of frugal disposition he carefully deposited the revenues accruing each month in yachts, fast horses and other securities, of which he holds an enormous amount to this day. He likewise reorganized the staff of the periodical he inherited, and devoted his own tremendous talents to the editing of the personal column on the front page, which soon became famous all over the civilized world. A corps of foreign correspondents was likewise organized by him in this city, and they daily send cablegrams of column length from the city editor's room to the office of the managing editor, giving the particulars of interviews with crowned heads all over Europe, Asia and Harlem. This enormous expense is incurred cheerfully by Mr. Ben-Gordon, and he certainly leads the world in this enterprise.

His explorations in Central Africa, by deputy, and his investigations of the North Pole, by able substitutes, have given him a reputation for daring which is peerless. In naval architecture, however, he won most fame. His last yacht was really the work of his own hands, for while a few deserving artisans drew her lines and hammered her planks together, he did the rest himself, drawing his cheque unaided. He was likewise celebrated for a duel fought in two States simultaneously—he being in New Jersey and his opponent in Yonkers while the fatal shots were exchanged.

C.

A DEFECTIVE SOCIETY REPORTER.

SCENE IN EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE KALAMAZOO *Kalsominer*.

J. GROWLER, Managing Editor, to City Editor: "Say, Smith! What asinine idiot did you send over to Jenkins' last night, to 'do up' that private masquerade?"

"Let me see! Why, the new man, DeCourcy, I believe."

"Send the monumental ass to my room when he comes in; I want to see him."

Half an hour later, DeCourcy arrives from reporting a dog-fight out in the country (the Sporting Editor having gone to a slugging match), and with fear and trembling, approaches the inner Sanctum.

"See here, Mr. DeCorsets! I want to know what you mean by sending in copy of this kind."

The "new man" mildly corrected the pronunciation of his cognomen, and asked what was the matter with his work.

"What's the matter? why, Hades and Demnitition! Read it, man, read it! I never saw anything so horribly unfinished in all my life, Mr. De Snorky! Never, sir, never!"

The embryo Jenkins read it carefully and handed it back, saying: "Well, Mr. Growler, the article seems to be all right. It reads pretty well, I flatter myself!"

"Pup-pup-pup-pretty well, nonsense! Listen to this rot now: * * * * * and the spacious parlors were adorned with natural flowers." Now, Mr. Recherche, that is nice language for a journal of the *Kalsominer*'s standing to print now, isn't it? You are a fine adjective slinger, you are! Why, you bemuddled snoozer you, my little boy ten years of age would know enough to say: 'And the gorgeous suite of Orientally draped parlors, whose walls were one solid mass of dazzling plate glass mirrors from marble wainscoting to frescoed ceiling, were festooned from cornice to peristyle and from bracket to architrave (these terms never mean anything special, but they are stock expressions and should always be rung in somewhere), with the rarest exotics ('exotics,' man, 'exotics'!—always 'EXOTICS !!') gathered at a fabulous expense from the four corners of the earth, and arranged in the most skillful and attractive manner known to the florist's art."

"Now, don't you see how very consumptive 'flowers' sound, when compared with the rich, rolling 'ex-ot-ics'?"

DeCourcy faltered forth a shaky affirmative.

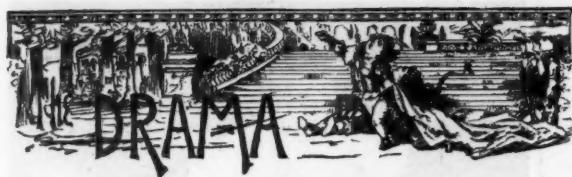
"To resume, what do you say after 'flowers'?"—Dancing was indulged in until 3 A.M. Oh! my stricken soul! Not a single reference to the 'subtle perfume!' Where *did* you serve your apprenticeship? Don't you know, my dear Mr. DeCustard, that a society report without the 'subtle perfume' in it, is like the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out! I might have overlooked the use of the word 'flowers' in lieu of 'exotics,' but the absence of the 'subtle perfume'—Never!! You *should* have gone on, after 'flowers' (or 'exotics'), in this wise: 'whose subtle perfume quickened the ravished senses of the gay masquers (always remember to spell it with a "q"), who now abandoned themselves to Terpsichorean revelry—as the dreamy, sensuous waltz, the dashing polka, and the alluring galop, was discoursed in heavenly strains by a superb orchestra—until the wee sma' hours ("wee sma' hours" is a "bull's eye" on the gentle reader, every time), arrived, and the leaden morning rays gave the hitherto dazzling gas-lights in the crystal chandeliers, a dull and *bistre* appearance.' 'Bistre' is the correct Kibosh, my son, and rounds off the article with an appropriate contrast.

"Now, Mr. DeGoosey, in view of these lucid instructions, do you think you will be equal to the 'choice exotic, subtle perfume, sensuous waltz, and *bistre* racket,' in the future?"

DeCourcy thought it over and made up his mind that he would be a gigantic failure as an "exotic-er," a "subtle perfumist," or a delineator of "*bistre*"—some effects, and sadly tendered his resignation as "Society Reporter" on the paper.

He is now Chief Custodian of the Cuspidor and Grand Broom Wrestler Extraordinary, in the *Kalsominer* office, at a salary of \$3 per week and "found"—in old exchanges for use as a sleeping mattress, quilts, pillow, etc.

EBENEZER FRESHQUILL.



WALLACK'S THEATRE.

SOLE IMPORTER, Mr. Lester Wallack.

Mr. Wallack's Company of Imported Cockney Comedians will

Appear in

"THE CAPE SNOWBALL,"

BY

CLEMENT SCOTT AND SYDNEY GRUNDY.

THE CAPE MAIL.

A N entirely new petite comedy, in one act, by Clement Scott, Esq., recently played at the Haymarket Theatre, London (Ontario), with great success; this is what the programme kindly calls it. This is what the English manager thinks about it. What the American critic thinks about it may be expressed more briefly: It is sickly and hyper-sentimental rubbish, full of machine-made pathos and patent leather emotion. Miss Measor acts well. So does Mr. Kelcey. So does Mr. Flockton. So does not Miss Coghlan.

AFTER THE "CAPE MAIL."

A GENTLEMAN (to the *Lady who sits next to him*): Is this the "Cape Mail," or is it the "Liar?"

THE LADY: Why do you ask?

THE GENTLEMAN: Because everybody in the play lies, except the old woman, and she is blind, and, therefore, does not dare tell a lie for fear she could not see her way out of it.

THE LADY: They do all prevaricate a little.

THE GENTLEMAN: A little? They all lie like a war-map!

THE SNOWBALL.

ACT I.

This is a farcical comedy, and so the lying begun in the one-act play is continued in the three-act. The imported Mr. Tearle lies; the imported Miss Rose Coghlan lies; the imported Mr. Buckstone lies; Miss Marion Booth lies; Miss Effie Germon lies. And Mr. John Gilbert believes the imported Mr. Osmond Tearle to be lying when for once, and for a wonder, he is telling the truth.

BETWEEN ACTS I. AND II.

AN INQUIRING PERSON: The "Cape Mail" is an imported English comedy, by Mr. Clement Scott, is it not?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE INQUIRING PERSON: But it is an adaptation of the French "Jeanne qui pleure et Jeanne qui rit," is it not?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE INQUIRING PERSON: Then why does Mr. Wallack announce it as this man Scott's?

HIS FRIEND (seeing a chance for a merry jest): It is wrong; but perhaps he hopes to get off Scot free.

[The Inquiring Person goes out to see a man.]

ACT II.

This is still a farcical comedy and so the lying continues. The imported Mr. Osmond Tearle, the imported Miss Rose Coghlan, the Imported Mr. Buckstone, Miss Marion Booth, Miss Effie Germon continued to lie, and Mr. John Gilbert still believes

that the imported Mr. Osmond Tearle is lying when he happens by chance to be telling the truth. The imported Miss Rose Coghlan arrays herself in an imported English dressing-gown which sends cold chills down the back of every American woman who sees it.

BETWEEN ACTS II. AND III.

AN ENQUIRING PERSON: The "Snowball" is an imported English comedy by Mr. Sydney Grundy, is it not?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE ENQUIRING PERSON: But it is an adaptation of the French Play "Oscar; ou, un Mari qui troupe sa femme," by M. Eugène Scribe, is it not?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE ENQUIRING PERSON: Then why does Mr. Wallack announce it as the work of this man Grundy?

HIS FRIEND (seeing a chance for a merry jest): It is wrong, but perhaps he does not care what Mrs. Grundy says.

[The Inquiring Person goes out to see a man.]

ACT III.

This is still a farcical comedy, but as the Imported Mr. Osmond Tearle takes occasion for once to tell the Imported Miss Rose Coghlan the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, of course the play comes to an abrupt end. The best acting in it is done by Mr. John Gilbert and Miss Effie Germon.

AFTER THE PLAY.

AN OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY (putting on her cloak): La, me. I don't go to the theayter more'n once in four or five year, an' when I do, I do like to see a play with some gumption into it.

HER CITY COUSIN: Didn't you like the plays to-night?

THE OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY (storing away in her reticule the candies remaining in the package bought by the City Cousin): La, me! I suppose them shows is all alike. They're big on promisin' an' mighty slim in performin'. They call it the "Cape Mail," and there ain't no cloaks and no post-office in the hull drayma. They call it the "Snowball," and there ain't no snow nor no sleighin' in it: leastwise I didn't see none.

HER CITY COUSIN: But, Aunty, you see—

THE OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY (interrupting): An' I don't see no sense in havin' two names to one play, anyhow. But, then, play-actors are allus so queer and contrary-like. Though why that young woman took on so powerful when she allowed her husband was dead, should set out to play tricks on him as soon as he was back from the war, I don't see, no how. That lets me out completely.

ARTHUR PENN.



A HANDSOME young fellow named Bunny
Was sadly in need of some money;

His heart and his hand
Went in barter for "sand"
To a lady whose figure was funny.



ANTICIPATION.

YOUNG Sympkins reins his steed with care
 And strikes an ambling pace ;
 Full bright the day ; full sweet the air,
 Secluded is the place.
 He tries his bow,—would SHE were there
 To see his tranquil grace !
 A smile his face serenely stirs ;
 He dreams of one adorning her's.



REALIZATION.

SHE comes; the joyous smile is there;
 Her father's coming too.
 Full bright the day, full sweet the air;
 The sky's a perfect blue.
 He tries his bow—so does his mare.
 As thoroughbreds will do.
 An unforeseen event occurred,
 Poor Sympkins quite forgot—and spurred.

POKER AMONG THE POETS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is said to have been a student of draw-poker, but there is no evidence to prove it.—*Boston Post*. Isn't there? In *Thanatopsis* he says: "Thou shalt lie down with kings!" Shakespeare played poker too. He makes *Polonius* say: "Beware of entrance into a [jack-pot], but being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." Also says *Hamlet*, probably having raised the pot on four clubs and a heart—"Now might I do it pat." Then see the following:

"I cannot draw."—*King Lear*, v., 3.
 "This business will raise us all."—*Winter's Tale*, iv., 4.
 "I would give all my fame for a pot."—*Henry V*, iii., 2.
 "Let him pass peaceably."—*2 Henry VI*, 3.
 "You apprehend passing shrewdly."—*Much Ado*, ii., 1.
 "I can draw as soon as any other man."—*Romeo and Juliet*, ii., 4.
 King John had evidently run up against a flush with threes, for he says: "It is the curse of kings!"—*King John*, vi., 2.
 Henry VI. likewise must have had a dismal experience when he was forced to call the dealer—"Thou setter up and plucker down of kings."—*3 Henry VI*,

ii., 3. Then we have several hints of the hands held in those grand old days:

"I have a bobtail."—*King Lear*, iii., 6.
 "These begging Jacks."—*Merchant of Venice*, iii., 4.
 "We see these things effected to the full."—*2 Henry VI*, i., 2.
 "Straight let us seek."—*King John*, v., 7.

"PUZNISS IS PUZNISS!"

THE parents of an about-to-be bride, hearing with dismay that it was fast becoming the fashion to send floral gifts instead of the more substantial things of this world to the happy couple, worded the wedding invitations as follows:

MR. and MRS. POORMAN
 Request your presents
 At the marriage of their daughter
 MARIGOLD
 to
 MR. JOHN FULLPURSE,
 Monday afternoon, April Ninth,
 At half-past two o'clock,
 41144 Silver Street,
 Bonanzaville.
 Friends will kindly omit
 Flowers. J. K. B.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

ITALIAN music is fine because it is ground so much on the streets.—*N. O. Picayune*.

It was first known that hogs were good to eat when Japhet Ham. It would be a Shem not to Noah thing was good after trying it.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*

If the pictures can be believed, it was a very simple matter for an ancient Roman to get ready for bed. He just took his sandals off, that's all.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

WHEN Ouida asked Charles Reade for a name for her dog he suggested "Tonic," saying, "It is sure to be a mixture of bark, steal and whine."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"ARAMINTA." You ask how you may acquire beauty. Get married to a public officer. You will then instantly become "a model of feminine beauty." They all do.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE young man was trying to play sober. He sat with the young lady on the front steps. He studied for a long time, trying to think of something that would illustrate his sobriety. Finally he looked up, and solemnly said: "The (hic) moon's as full as a goose; ain't it?"—*Georgia Major*.

A maiden at Vassar
Was a terrible gasser,
And always paraded her learning;
Since her pa lost his rocks,
Through a tumble of stocks,
She studies the science of churning.
—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

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"And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.

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IRON HOUSE-DRAINAGE.

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MINES BUILDING,
Columbia College.

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